MONTEREY NEWS

OCTOBER 1994

THE TOWN

The Select Board announced a Special Town Meeting to be held on Friday, October 14, at 7 p.m. in the Monterey Firehouse to discuss and vote on a request from the School Committee to change the date for conducting the school census from January 1 to October 1, and recertification of Monterey's share of the regional school budget.

Karen Sawers escorts her daughter Rebecca to the school bus, attended by Martha Eichstedt. Rachel still rides the hip.

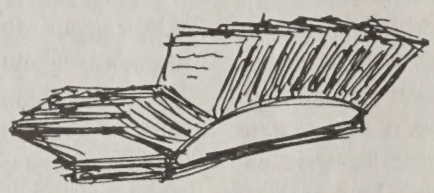
The Select Board met with interested town officials to discuss the Non-Criminal Disposition for Bylaw Enforcement amendment to Monterey's Zoning Bylaws. Present for the meeting were Dean Amidon, Harbor Master; Mick Burns, Parks Commission; Gareth Backhaus, Chief of Police; Tom Gillis, Civil Defense Coordinator; and Finance Committee members Greta Cherneff, Dan Moriarty, and Jack Ryder. The proposed bylaw provides a non-criminal option to enforcing the bylaws, much like a parking citation. Monterey's bylaws are currently enforceable only by court action. The purpose of the amendment is to put more teeth into our bylaws without clogging up the courts by litigation of bylaw violations. Like a parking ticket, citizens retain the option to contest the citation in a court of law. One of the first questions came from Dean Amidon; he asked if this would interfere with or usurp Chief Backhaus' power in any way. The Select Board responded that the bylaw would in no way take any power from the Police Department. Jack Ryder, of the Finance Committee, asked if any intermediary process is part of the proposed bylaw, and was informed that once a citation is issued, the person cited must either pay the fine or appear in court. Dan Moriarty proposed that warnings be issued prior to a formal citation.

The bylaws most likely to be affected by the Non-Criminal Disposition proposal are the Hunting Bylaw, the Zoning Bylaw, the Unrestrained Dogs Bylaw, the Earth Removal Bylaw, and the Bylaw on Soliciting. Other possibilities for the Non-Criminal Disposition as outlined by the Select Board are an Illegal dumping bylaw, citations for Board of Health violations, and penalties for excavation of a public highway.

The purpose of the meeting was to

determine whether various town boards and officers are interested in pursuing this proposed amendment to the current bylaws, what fines would be appropriate under this bylaw, and who would enforce it.

The Select Board opened a hearing at 7 p.m. on Monday, August 29, to obtain public input prior to establishing the percentage of local tax levy to be borne by each class of property. Assistant Assessor Harry Gustafson was present to explain the current classification and to recommend that the factor of one be retained for all five classifications, so that residential, commercial, industrial, open-space, and personal-property classes all pay the same rate, based on full evaluation. It was unanimously voted by the Select Board to retain the factor of one for all five classifications of property. Gustafson stated that he anticipates the new tax rate will be $7.70 per thousand (up $0.58 from last year). This reflects an evaluation that has increased by $2.8 million and appropriations that have increased by $185,000.



It was unanimously voted by the Select Board to recommend the nomination of Susannah Leigh to the Berkshire County Commissioners as the town's representative to the Materials Recycling Facility (MRF) Advisory Board. It was also unanimously voted by the Select Board to appoint Raymond W. Tryon to the newly created office of Warden and Linda Thorpe to the newly created office of Deputy Warden, for terms ending June 30, 1995.

— Maggie Leonard

911—THAT'S THE NUMBER!

Recently the Southern Berkshire Volunteer Ambulance Squad sent a letter to all "Postal Patrons" in Monterey appealing for financial support. Regrettably, in this letter they advertised incorrect emergency numbers for Monterey. (They sent a follow-up postcard correcting the error almost immediately.) **The correct emergency telephone number for Monterey is 911. This number is correct for all emergencies, including ambulance.** The dispatcher for 911 will continue to determine precisely what specialized emergency attention is required, (for example, a patient may need immediate helicopter transportation—"Life Star" air time to Monterey: seventeen minutes!) and the SBVAS will continue to provide its fine, prompt, and professional service to Monterey through response to 911. The Monterey Fire Department encourages your continued support of their organization as well.

And here we are, with another wood-burning season upon us! I would like to remind everyone to clean all chimney flues, wood stoves, and furnaces, and have metal containers ready for the ashes.

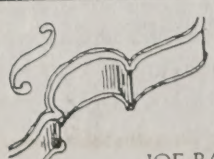
Smoke detectors should be checked—just press the button until the alarm sounds. If there is no alarm sound, the batteries may be dead. Batteries should be replaced once a year.

There is another very serious danger to consider during the heating season: carbon monoxide poisoning. Your gas or oil fired heating equipment discharges carbon monoxide (CO) up the chimney. If there is inadequate venting, or there are cracks in the chimney, not all the CO gas is released to the outside, resulting in a concentration of this odorless gas inside the house. The situation is more likely to occur with part time occupancy.

Building a fire in a fireplace or woodstove separate from your regular heating system may compound the problem of CO gas concentration inside the house. The large volume of air consumed by a wood fire in a fireplace has to come from within the house. The question arises, how is this air replaced? Unless there is an opening directly to the outside, such as a partially open door or window, replacement is drawn down the furnace flue, the same flue that the CO is in, on its way to the outside. In these circumstances, your house is a lethal place to be! Carbon monoxide can kill, silently. Devices to detect excess carbon monoxide in the home are simple and inexpensive, available at most hardware stores. No home should be without one.

If you have any questions concerning safety with wood-burning units and oil or gas furnaces, do not hesitate to call for more information: an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure! My residence phone is 528-2982. In any emergency, dial 911.

— Raymond W. Tryon, Fire Chief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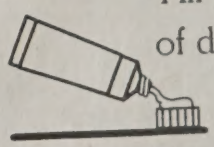
528 - 6520
Route 23 Monterey

ELECTION AND SPECIAL TOWN MEETING UPDATE

The Town Clerk calls attention to a Special Town Meeting to be held on Friday, October 14, at 7 p.m.

Voter registration for the Special Town Meeting will be held on Tuesday, October 4, 12 noon–8 p.m. Registration for the state election in November (U. S. Senator, Governor, Representative in Congress, State Senate and State House, County Commissioners, etc.) will be held October 1, 9 a.m.–5 p.m. and October 11, 2–4 p.m. and 7–10 p.m. Posters announcing these times and places will be pinned to bulletin boards in the Monterey Post Office, the Roadside Store, and the town offices.

October 11 is the last day to register for the state election, but October 4 is the last day of voter registration for the Special Town Meeting.

Voter turnout (17%) at the primary on September 20 was inadequate. Please circle dates for the Special Town Meeting and the state election. Plan to attend and vote.

The agenda and warrant for the Special Town Meeting will be sent to registered voters by mail. Please check your mailing address with the Town Clerk if you do not receive your warrant before the October 14.

Finally, if you are a registered Independent, please be aware that you can and should vote in Massachusetts primaries. Our rules differ from some other states', and we are able to accommodate Independent voters in primaries.

— Barbara Swann, Town Clerk

CULTURAL COUNCIL SOLICITS PROPOSALS

The Monterey Cultural Council is seeking proposals for projects in the humanities. The Cultural Council has been allotted $3,000 this year, and we will be funding projects in the arts, sciences, or history that impact the Monterey community. In the recent past we have funded concerts, nature walks, astronomy classes, and children's drama and art classes, to name a few.

We have lots of talented people in Monterey, and we are here to help you. Applications may be picked up at the town offices, or by calling Lindsay Pontius at 528-3603. The deadline for receiving the applications is October 15. Please mail them to Lisa Simpson, P.O. Box 763, Monterey.

— Lisa Simpson, Chair

PARKS COMMISSION NEWS

On September 1, the Monterey Parks Commission met to open proposals for new playground equipment. Six companies submitted a total of eleven separate proposals based on the guidelines set by the Commission.

After meeting with members of the Playground Committee to review the proposals, and viewing local playgrounds once more, the commission chose to purchase new equipment from Kompan/Big Toys of Marathon, New York. (Builders of the playground at the grammar school in Housatonic.) Right now, it is uncertain when the new equipment will be installed. The normal lead time for delivery is six to eight weeks, and, given possible (dare I say it) winter weather, installation may have to wait until spring.

— Mick Burns

DEMOCRATS' TAG SALE

The Monterey Democratic Committee will hold its first "Win Win Win" Tag Sale at the Monterey Firehouse Pavilion on Saturday, October 8, from 9:30 a.m. until 3 p.m.

Now is your (Democrats, Republicans, Independents, et. al.) chance to get rid of stuff that clogs your attic and clutters up your basement and garage—you win. All items will be offered at ridiculously low prices to the citizens of Monterey and all of South Berkshire County—the buyers win, and the Democratic Committee wins.

To contribute your "junque" please call Greta Cherneff at 528-2949. Unfortunately, we will not be able to handle large pieces of furniture, major appliances, and other large, heavy items.

now open 7:30am-3pm ... seven days a week ... grill is open until 2pm

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DEMOCRATS STUDY SMALL TOWN MANAGEMENT

In the course of working on the last town election, many of us in the Democratic Party discussed among ourselves and with eligible nominees the functions of our town boards, committees, and appointed town officers. We came to realize that there is a general vagueness and misunderstanding about the rules and procedures which structure the work of our town government.

We would like to clarify the responsibilities and opportunities associated with participation in town government. This may also encourage more open communication between officials and townspeople, as well as among the town boards.

We have permission from the Massachusetts Municipal Association to reprint information from their primer, *Managing Small Towns*. Our plan is to present pertinent material from the primer each month along with statements from each chairperson and individual appointee describing his or her view of the job in question. Any other helpful information will be included, as long as it is part of the public record.

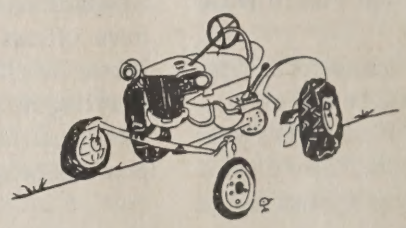
We begin by quoting from the excellent introduction to the MMA primer:

The issues facing small town governments revolve around a central theme: that the delivery of municipal services is becoming increasingly more complex and, therefore, more difficult to manage. The role of government is much greater today than when most towns were incorporated over two hundred years ago. The size of many towns has grown since then and the growth of service has grown at a disproportionately faster rate.

Each of the general issues to be discussed in the following paragraphs contributes to this complexity and represents the roots of most of the specific problems which town meetings, selectmen and others face each week.

Finite Revenues

The first issue is that the revenue or income base of towns is quite finite. There is only so much money that can be spent on municipal services, and local officials have limited opportunities to impact available public funding. Since virtually all public services require an investment of public funds, there are definite limits on the types of municipal services which can be provided and the quality of those services. The perpetual battle in municipal government, then, is waged over "who gets what."



Technological Evolution

A second issue involves the technological advancements evolving in our society which offer all new opportunities in the way in which municipal services are delivered. Specifically, computers and their impact on telecommunications can radically alter the operating practices of most municipal operations. At issue is not "if" but "when" this will happen in each community. While such technological advancements will eventually enable local officials to accomplish more in less time, the conversion process will take years to complete. The successful application of these technologies will represent a major challenge for towns from now through at least the end of the century.

Federal and State Influence

The third issue which complicates the conduct of municipal business is the federal and state regulations which influence and regulate municipal affairs. Local governments have become increasingly subject to a myriad of state and federal regulations which impact on almost all aspects of municipal service delivery. Such regulations have been particularly evident in the management of the local work force. The challenge to all local officials is to be constantly aware of the regulations which do exist and which are modified frequently and, further, to be able to effect compliance in a timely manner. For some, operating a town within applicable federal and state guidelines is one of the more vexing, and at times frustrating, parts of the job.

Municipal Liability

A fourth issue which permeates almost every policy decision at the local level today is the municipal liability of making a mistake. Until 1978, towns enjoyed sovereign immunity under which they could not be sued without their permission and were not, therefore, held liable for many errors in judgment or deed. With the elimination of sovereign immunity, much of this protection was lost and the exposure to liability and the risk of suit increased dramatically. A town is now liable for the results of negligent acts or omissions of its employees. Ignorance or good intentions are insufficient defenses for such actions. This means that local officials must make every effort to understand the

legal implications of the vast array of decisions which they make. This certainly complicates the decision-making process and represents one of the most potentially explosive issues facing town management today.

Environmental Concerns

A fifth major issue directly involves the physical environment of the town. As a nation and society, we have become increasingly more aware of the limits and fragility of our ecological environment. The air we breathe, the water we drink and the food we eat—in essence, our very existence—are profoundly influenced by our use of the land around us. Control and management of this land is a critically important role of local government. Local officials regulate the use of property and manage the disposition of solid waste, sewage and other environmentally unsafe by-products of the town's inhabitants. Although the environment is regulated at the federal and state levels, local governments play an important role in implementing these regulations and, through land use controls, influencing the future scale of the issue.

These five issues are not enumerated as an exhaustive list of municipal management issues but represent major issues which local officials must address. They also serve to underscore the notion that managing town government is no longer a pastime or hobby, but represents a significant undertaking and requires the imaginative use of today's technology and expertise in a variety of disciplines. It is and should remain a big business. Towns which appreciate the scale of operations involved and provide the necessary resources to properly address the issues facing municipal management today face a much better chance of successfully meeting the challenges of today and tomorrow.

We offer this information so the expectations of both nominees and townspeople can be more realistic. We hope that an open discussion will ensue, and encourage Republicans and Independents to join in.

— Melvene Dyer-Bennet
Vice Chair, Nominating Committee
Monterey Democratic Party

THE BIDWELL HOUSE

October is one of the best times to visit The Bidwell House, as the maples surrounding the house turn a brilliant orange. The museum remains open for tours through October 10. Please remember, however, that you may visit the grounds and hike the trails any time.

The final program of the season is our third annual hike along the Royal Hemlock Road Trail on Sunday, October 9, 1–4 p.m. As usual, the hike will be led by museum volunteer Bob Rausch. The trail is steeped in history; it is about the oldest road in the area. It was begun in the 1740s, and was the major road used by people living in Hop Brook (now Tyringham) to reach the meeting house located on The Bidwell House property. The hike begins on the front porch of The Bidwell House. It is of moderate difficulty, with steep terrain on the way back from Tyringham. If you choose not to walk back from Tyringham, you can leave a car at The Cobble parking lot for the trip home. Please wear hiking boots and long pants. For further information, call Bob Rausch at 528-3219 in the late evening. The hike is free of charge.

On a sad note, this will be my final column for The Bidwell House, as my last day of work is September 30. On October 3 I begin a new position as executive director of the Chapman Historical Museum in Glens Falls, New York. This was an extremely difficult decision for me, as I love The Bidwell House, Monterey, and all the wonderful people I have met here over the past three years. However, I will not be far away. Glens Falls is an hour and a half north. Gary, my husband, will remain in Monterey and continue to work for the time being at the Norman Rockwell Museum. So I will be returning to Monterey on many winter weekends. I also hope you can come visit me at the Chapman. My new work number is 518-793-2826. I will continue to receive mail at P.O. Box 763, Monterey.

This has been an exciting three years at The Bidwell House. I cannot express enough my gratitude to those who supported the museum with their time, money, and talents over this period. We witnessed tremendous growth, and those of you who supported the museum can take full credit for this growth. I'm certain the Board will soon find a new museum director. I sincerely hope you will continue to support this unique treasure which belongs to Monterey. I know that I will!

— Lisa A. Simpson

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CHILDREN'S HEALTH

Fall is here, and we have many activities planned:

Saturday and Sunday, October 8 and 9 Hands At Work Craft Show at St. Peter's Center on East Street in Great Barrington, 10 a.m.–5 p.m. All juried artists, refreshments, children's activities. The Convincer, a safety seat belt demonstration, will be featured on Sunday. Proceeds benefit the parent-child playgroup program. We need volunteers to help. Please call Claudette at 528-9311.

Wednesday, October 19 Pumpkin picking for parent-child playgroup participants at the Corn Crib on Route 7 in Sheffield, 11 a.m. Bring a snack and wear old clothes.

Tuesday, October 25 Baby's First Halloween Party for the Great Barrington parent-child playgroup in the gym at Simon's Rock College, 1-3 p.m.

Thursday, October 27 Halloween Party for the Great Barrington parent-child playgroup at Simon's Rock College Gym, 9:30–11:30 a.m.

Southern Berkshire Task Force on Families and Children is sponsoring the following parenting workshops in October:

Wednesday, October 5 Marcia August (Berkshire County Home Extension Service), Child Development for school-aged children, at Bear Care Center in Great Barrington, 6:30–8 p.m. Child care provided. Please call Claudette to register.

Wednesday, October 12 — Marcia August, Child Development for teenagers, at Bear Care Center in Great Barrington, 6:30–8 p.m. Child care provided. Please call Claudette to register.

Thursday, October 13 Teenager-Parent Communication group will begin and run for six weeks, 7-9 p.m. Please call Ted Tchack for details at 528-2909.

Monday, October 17 Communication with Children, led by Bob Boylston (Berkshire Center for Families and Children) at Lee Central School, 6:30–8 p.m. Child care available. Call Erin O'Brien at 243-0336 to register.

Monday, October 24 Setting Limits, led by Bob Boylston, Berkshire Center for Families and Children, Lee Central School, 6:30–8 p.m. Childcare available. Call Erin O'Brien to register.

Family Education and Support Services has a free video lending library for South Berkshire Families. We have two recent additions: *House America*, a video describing a mortgage program for low-income families, and *How To Raise Happy, Confident Kids*, by Ed Bliss, a video showing techniques that work for parents of toddlers to teens.

In conjunction with the Berkshire Chapter of the American Red Cross, we are pleased to announce a poster contest for students aged 5 to 18. Participants are asked to create in black a design on 8-1/2 x 11 paper following the theme "Every Family Member Should Use Safety Belts." Entries are due by November 15. Prizes will be given to five participants.

The weather is getting cooler, and families should remember the fuel assistance program at Community Services in Great Barrington. Call 528-1947 for information.

The Children's Health Program in Great Barrington needs volunteers to assist area families in which the mother is pregnant or has a child less than two years old, for one to two hours a week, with transportation, information, emotional support and friendship. A ten-hour training session begins on October 4, 1-3 p.m. at Children's Health Program, 54 Castle Street in Great Barrington, and will be held on consecutive Tuesdays for five sessions. A one-year commitment is asked. For more information and an application, call 528-9311.

— Claudette Callahan

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Anne Marie O'Connor
Independent Associate

REGISTRATION LIMITED AT FREE CPR CLASSES

The Monterey Fire Company will sponsor a free CPR course at the firehouse on Wednesday, November 9, and Thursday, November 10, 7–9:30 p.m. each night.

This comprehensive, clear, hands-on, learner-friendly course will teach current techniques for cardio-pulmonary resuscitation. The teacher will be Jim Santos, a senior member of the Southern Berkshire Volunteer Ambulance Squad. All who participate will be able to do CPR, and will be issued an American Red Cross card certifying successful completion of the course. We want to emphasize that no prior experience is necessary to learn these skills.

Why is it important for everyone to know CPR? Medical science has established that without oxygen the human brain cannot sustain life longer than four to six minutes. Correctly administered CPR can deliver oxygen to the brain until a victim of heart attack reaches a hospital where advanced life support capabilities may be able to resuscitate the person. It is therefore vitally important to begin CPR immediately when the signs and symptoms of cardiac arrest are present.

This course will teach you

· to recognize a heart attack, and

· to do effective CPR on an infant, child, or adult.

· With this knowledge and skill you will have the ability to save the life of someone you love.

The good news is that the Fire Company will pay for the course, and the bad news is the twenty-person limit to the class size. Twenty lucky people will be registered, first come, first served.

Register by phone *only*. Call Monterey Fire Company Medical Officer Michael Marcus at 528-4115. Please be sure that you have both nights free to complete the course.

This is part of an ongoing community outreach project sponsored by the Monterey Fire Company to insure the best possible protection in our community. Thank you.

— Michael Marcus

LAKE GARFIELD GROUNDWATER MEASURED

Two years ago Patricia Edelstein wrote to the state Division of Water Pollution Control on behalf of the Lake Garfield Association to initiate testing of Lake Garfield's fish stock. In a letter dated July 11, 1994, the Massachusetts Department of Environmental Protection reported these final results of testing:

The Department of Environmental Protection has received analytical results from fish testing at Lake Garfield in Monterey, MA. Fish were tested in 1993 at this location as a result of your request.

Fish from Lake Garfield showed trace levels of mercury and selenium. No pesticides or PCBs were found in the samples tested. The MA Department of Public Health has reviewed the test results and conclude[s] that no restrictions on consuming fish from the Lake Garfield is [sic] needed.

Thank you for your involvement in DEP's efforts to assess and protect the environment.

The LGA also moved toward implementation of a grant awarded by the state Department of Environmental Management for the purpose of identifying sources of septic system leachate, other nutrient leachates, or surface runoff in certain areas of the lake. On August 27 limnologist Ken Wagner, Ph. D., who will conduct the DEM grant for the state, met with Martin Cherneff, Patricia Edelstein, Muriel Lazzarini, and Selectperson Gige O'Connell to outline plans for the groundwater quantity and quality survey according to the terms of the grant.

The survey will be conducted on two days in September to be coordinated with Harbormaster Dean Amidon. During the survey, collecting chambers (they look somewhat like the top third of a fifty-five gallon drum) may be seen in the lake for a day or more. These will be placed at many locations along the lakeshore to measure the quantity and quality of groundwater coming into the lake. With the lakeshore divided into areas, measurements from each area will be analyzed to provide information on the contribution of groundwater and associated nutrients to the overall quality of lake water. Signs advising residents of the survey collecting chambers will be placed at strategic locations around town.

Please beware that these collection chambers are not debris! Do not remove them. They will be picked up by the survey team within forty-eight hours.

— Patricia Edelstein

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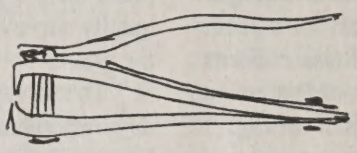
COMMUNITY DINNER

Wednesday, October 12, is the date for this month's community dinner. The dinner is held at 6:30 p.m. in the social room (basement) of the Monterey United Church of Christ. Please bring a dish to share, or bread (for those of you who prefer baking to cooking). Beverages are provided.



September's program was a rousing success, with Sweet Swing Revival providing entertainment. Special thanks to Judy Hayes, Kathie Maye, Priscilla Gulliver, and Arnie Hayes for their lively performance.

Following the October dinner we will have a program given by the Konkapot Big Boys—John Sellew, Sam Mills, and Sanjiban Sellew. They will discuss their film career and show some of their movies. For further information, call Gige O'Connell at 528-1564.

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THE OBSERVER - AUGUST

In July we had seven-and-a-half more inches of rain than fell in Pittsfield, but in August we hit the Pittsfield rainfall norm almost exactly, and they were more than two inches over the norm, enough to prompt a *Berkshire Eagle* front page headline, "The Rains of August," over a story about painters having trouble completing their outside work, and low attendance at outdoor events balanced by large numbers of people visiting museums and seeing plays, and farmers pleased with bumper crops.

Let's see, shall we say that summer storms are small and irregular, and that they can carry, and unload, a great deal of moisture? And that they did so this month more elsewhere than in Monterey?

In response to a reader's request, we note that a year ago in August the high temperature was 91°, the low 46°, and the average 67°. Last year rain totaling 4.36" fell on 10 days. Pretty much the same as this August.

High temp (8/3)	89°
Low temp. (8/22, 23)	47°
Avg. high temp.	74°
Avg. low temp.	56°
Avg. temp.	65°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	66.6°
Precip. occ.	12 days
Total precip.	4.5" rain
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	4.46"
High bar. press. (8/17)	30.29"
Low bar. press. (8/5)	29.80"
High humidity (8/3)	100%
Low humidity (8/24)	44%
Avg. wind speed	4 mph
High wind gust (8/4)	29 mph

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ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Remembering

I always untie my cat Mio at night in my camper, so she can race around. This morning, all packed for Maine, I forget, open the door—and that cat is halfway to 23 in two seconds, climbing trees and looking back at me: "Catch me if you can, Joan!"

I can't go to Maine without Mio. I start the camper, over to Roadside for blueberry muffins and coffee, off to get my mail and back home. There's Mio, sitting where the camper was, perplexed. Where had home gone to? I open the door, shouting, "Time to eat!" Mio leaps in, and settles in the midst of the three dogs. She looks at me: "Now, let's go!"

Up to I-90, the Mass Pike! The speed limit is now 65! By Becket, under the Appalachian Trail (I wonder what the walkers, all the way from Georgia, think as they look down on the crazy people who have to go seventy miles an hour, without seeing a thing, from one place to another). By Otis. Then Becket again.

As I sail along, the two little Yorkies curled up on my lap, the poodle puppy chewing a rawhide bone on the bed, and Mio asleep on the dashboard in the sun, my thoughts wander: Why do I leave Monterey? Why do I come to Monterey? I guess because it's home.

Every time, after the highways and byways of the nation, I finally find myself on Route 7, going into Mass. First stop is the Pine Tree. I have been wining and dining there for sixteen years, first with Italian charming Joe Pine Tree as owner, and now with Joe and Barbara Shea (residents of Monterey). It's still my home away from home! Through Great Barrington, a few changes here and there. A stop for wine at Gorham & Norton, my friend for long years. "Joan, you're home again. Where have you been this time? Let's see your picture book!"

Back to the present, still on I-90: A sign says 1,724 feet high (hardly the Rockies). Then I hit a hill—down, down. Must be at sea level by now. I look at the RUNAWAY TRUCK RAMP, with the high pile of dirt at the end. I hate to think about that. I try my brakes...they're okay.

Thinking back again: I go into Barrington Plaza, say a brief hello to my daughter-in-law Debbie Reed, then take Route 23 to Monterey, past the telephone pole (since replaced) I hit so many years ago that took away my ability to talk. I park and walk into the cemetery. (My camper would never make that hill!) I visit the graves of my mother, and son Tony. It was just like yesterday. We left the crowded church eleven years ago and came along the road to this place and left Tony here.

It's still Saturday on the Mass Pike: so many cars, few trucks. REPAIRS AHEAD. SLOW DOWN. PREPARE TO STOP—another forty-five minutes added to my trip! I see French River. I didn't know UMass had its medical school in Worcester!

I think of how I continued into Monterey, knowing you'd had a brutal winter...BUT, when I drive down my gutted driveway, see the trees blown down, broken shrubs, and roof shingles on the ground—yes, I know it was brutal!

Down to the post office (the famous rendezvous spot for all of Monterey) to pick up my unforwarded mail. The postmaster, the sweet, friendly Wally, saying, "Those stamps are ONLY $1.90!" Over to the General Store (they are doing it over to last another hundred years), to have my "usual" liverwurst on rye with everything except the kitchen stove on it. All the people you don't see at the post office you see here.

I go past Milly's. The many times I stopped here when she was alive, to buy herbs and talk—about her recent bus trip, about her early life. That girl loved fun, and dancing...

I go over to the lake, passing Margaret (Bidwell) White's house, where her niece, Judy, and Arnie Hayes live today. When she was alive and lived in this house, we had many a cup of tea. She was a go-getter! She sent me to the Center of the Light to learn about herbs, and so many other things...changed my life. Then I pass her sister Helen's house on the lake. Before Helen died, she used to invite the whole camera club for a picnic. We'd swim and eat all afternoon. There's a lot of pictures in existence of those picnics!

On Sunday I go to church. I'm saddened. The church needs repairs, and the devout few who come every Sunday can't do it. To keep that old church on the corner (where some of you were married, were christened, attended funerals for people you loved), the WHOLE town has to help!

Next to the church lived the late lovely lady, Margery Janes. She used to share some of her poems with me, and she took me up to her hideaway cabin in the woods.

Now I'm speeding along Route 495, heading for Deerfield, NH, to spend the night with Charles and Nancy. (I met them years ago in The Keys.) Their big black dog will be unaffected by the yap-yap of my three little ones. Mio will sit on the spare tire and look down on the whole thing.

Going back in thought: on 23 I see a sign for Gould Farm, a 600-acre farm adjoining my land. I used to take my Lhasa, "Ivy," over for tea. The dog Ivy was a big hit! There I visited Rose McKee, and we went to the theatre together.

One winter night, Ivy gave birth to SEVEN puppies! We did it together. Ivy got sick, so I had to feed, with eye dropper, seven hungry pups all around the clock. Norma Champigny, Elizabeth Simons, and Eileen Lyons came to spell me off. Ivy got well, and on the fourth day took over. She was a GOOD mother! Ivy lived seventeen years, is buried on my land. I kept one of the pups. She died at fourteen this year.

I pass the firehouse. Tony, a volunteer fireman, worked on this building. At the Fireman's Steak Roast, Tony and Debbie always did the potatoes.

Why do I come to Monterey? Why do I leave Monterey? Monterey is...just Monterey.

Now I'm on the last leg of my journey, I-95. Maine on Sunday. Remind me NEVER to leave Maine on a Sunday. Above the NH border, cars are bumper to bumper for ten miles going south. On my side, going north, a normal number of cars, going sixty-five mph and up. I see STUMP ROAD and NOSUCH RIVER. As the Boothbay sign comes up, I turn to my "family": "We're almost there!" They're awake instantly; a new place, new people, AND NEW DOGS AND CATS!

[And this late addition, received in the mail from Alabama.]

I just heard that Susan McAllester is dead. A lovely, gracious lady who was kind to everybody. Last year she said to me, "Joan, I like the way you write." No higher prize could I get from Susan...I shall remember that all my life.

— Joan Woodard Reed

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One of two watercolors by Luna Welch Bidwell, found recently by Lisa Simpson and given to The Bidwell House museum by Edith Wilson.

BIDWELL FAMILY NOTES

Today's historians often speak of how research once focused on the "great white men of history." Throughout the late nineteenth and most of the twentieth century, the homes which were preserved and open to the public reflected the history of wealthy, influential men. The common man, and especially the common woman, were ignored. Now we make an effort to look at all people, men and women, famous and average, white and non-white, in order to understand the past more fully.

A recent surprise find has allowed me to know better a Bidwell woman who previously had been just another name in the genealogy. While visiting Edith Wilson's studio, I came across two watercolors which appeared to be from the nineteenth century. Glancing at the signature, I was amazed to see the name Luna Selina Welch. Luna Welch was born July 23, 1795, in Norfolk, Connecticut, the daughter of Dr. Benjamin Welch. All five of Dr. Benjamin's sons became doctors, including Dr. Asa G. Welch of Tyringham. Dr. Welch's home and office were in the present-day home of Alice Howell and Walter Andersen on Beartown Mountain Road.

On April 14, 1818, when she was twenty-three years old, Luna married John Devotion Bidwell, second son of Adonijah Bidwell, Jr. John was a tanner

by trade. The Bidwell House owns several of his beautiful, leather-bound account books. Later, in 1836, John and Luna were given the prosperous, 250-acre Bidwell house farm by Adonijah, Jr. John apparently dropped the tanning business then; he was justice of the peace for many years, and active in town affairs.

John and Luna had four children, three girls and one boy. Their son, John Welch Bidwell, became a doctor in Winsted, Connecticut. Their two youngest daughters married local Bidwell cousins who happen to have had the same name: Sophia Phoebe married the Marshall Spring Bidwell who owned Lake Farm, and Alicia Cecilia Bidwell married the Marshall Spring Bidwell also known as Blue Bidwell, an artist and pharmacist. (See page 18 of the March, 1994, *Monterey News*.) Their eldest daughter married John Orton, an amateur musician from Monterey. The only other fact we know is that Luna lived to the ripe old age of eighty, dying in 1875.

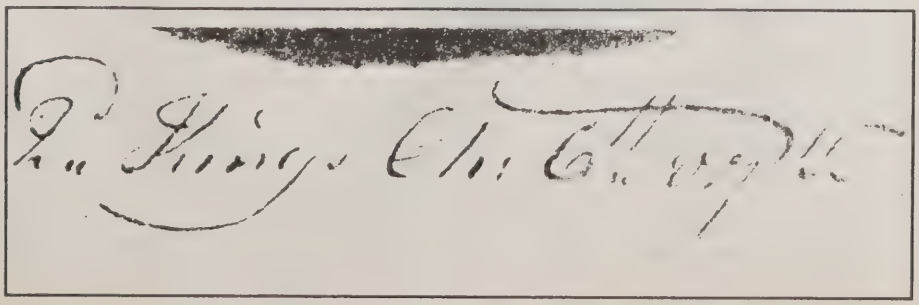
The Bidwell genealogy and research into the Welch family reveal this much. However, the two watercolors speak volumes more. Since they are signed with her maiden name, they pre-date her marriage in 1818. Both are typical schoolgirl art of the period, when young girls were sent to girls' academies by their prosperous parents for a smattering of education and to learn social arts before marriage.

Prior to the Revolution, girls were not educated outside the home, and unless father was himself educated and inclined to teach at home, they usually received no education at all. This attitude changed with the American Revolution. The new Republic emulated the Roman Republic, in which women held an esteemed place, so American women's roles in the household began to change. As they were given more authority to raise and train children, they needed education themselves. Academies began to spring up around the country. Luna's family was prosperous, and it appears she attended an academy.

Thanks to Edith Wilson's gift to the museum, these two lovely watercolors give Luna Welch a presence at The Bidwell House that she did not have before.

— Lisa Simpson

The second of two watercolors by Luna Welch Bidwell raises some questions. Although the details may be obscure in newsprint reproduction, here stands a man in a robe gesturing with outstretched arm as if to present the scene. A second man kneels by a river at the feet of the robed figure, reaching toward—or throwing away?—the head of an axe. There is a stick like a handle by his leg. Across the river a third figure is swinging an axe at the base of a standing tree; the top of the tree is broken and hanging down. The title of the painting remains indecipherable, except for the first two words, "In Kings." Such paintings often illuminated Biblical stories, as does the painting reproduced here on the facing page, but Aesop's fables were also frequent subjects. Sometimes sequential events were depicted in one seamless painting. Below is an enlargement of the title. Any guesses?



The path of detail—particulars—
of occurrences—detailed by suspension
between—makes laugh each to the other.
Is this a poem
written by a killer? Concerning
appearance of things
it says detail burgeons solace wracks
faith partially—undoes the wave—
no quiver wants billet on same
no code breaks within
sufficiently shadowed watches
the bend of noise without compassion—
sees no opposing between the two.

— Connell McGrath

SPARROW

This instant is ours
he on the twig and I
aground to see
him there small, drab
songless, no market
now even at two
for a penny.

I too in the alchemy
of time am coming
to be sold
for nothing, any trace
of gold made dross
by pace of epochs.

Sun drops, the day
is late, together
we depreciate.

This instant is ours
he on the twig and I
grasp him for eternity
and there we fly.

— Royal Shepard

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EARLY MORNING: YOUNGS CEMETERY

A friendly place
of gentle memory
and grace
this little dormitory
of the dead
each lifetime
snugly tucked abed

one bright red berry
pricked against the grey
as we read the gravestones
and with our fingers
heard them say:
it is a long walk
this being mortal
the sea breeze
rustled in
the damp knowledge
of our certain death
I looked at you
and held my breath
and for an instant
standing there among the dead
life glowed — so good, so round
so bright, so red —
and like the barberry
pricked its magic
upon the dawning autumn day

then we turned
our fingers lifted
and we left
each to go a
separate way.

— A. O. Howell

INDIAN SUMMER

I sat beside a mountain stream
That fell to a pool below;
The yellow leaves reflected there
Had turned the water gold.
New England asters were growing near;
Their purple heads held high;
And across the valley on another hill
A church spire touched the sky!
I lingered, truly awe-inspired
So tranquil was the scene.
Indian summer had cast her spell
In a day just meant to dream.

— Eleanor Kimberley

MORNINGS WITH MANURA MANYAH

There's an old saying: "As the morning begins, so goes the day." Or if there is not such a saying there ought to be one, close on the heels of those about the wrong side of the bed and the right foot, making a good start, and so on. I know people who start the day with a hot shower, a cold shower, a hearty breakfast, a stiff cup of coffee. Some people get up very early and spend time with a favorite novel before facing the world, others sleep until the last minute and bundle off to the office still as unconscious as possible, still dreaming.

Some people rise early and exercise, some meditate, some go fishing, and some people listen to the news. You might think that a dose of the national and world news is not the best stuff with which to start a day, but I recently read an article in *The New York Times* Science section that said people who have a cheerful, optimistic childhood are not likely to live as long as those whose outlook has always been "dour." If we are given the choice between a long, dour life and a cheery abbreviated one, the next study done should be to see who chooses what. Do the morning joggers want long life or happiness? How about the hot shower people? The cold shower people?

I think about these things early in the morning because I am a meditator, or should I say a cogitator. The path I follow is not especially Eastern or mysterious, but it is different every time. With my wheelbarrow and shovel I follow manure.

Anyone not wishing to waste another second reading about horse manure should stop right now. The rest of this column is about that.

My involvement with horse manure began in earnest during my high school years. I had dabbled in it a little when I was eight or nine, but it did not become a daily ritual for me until I was a teen-ager. I think most people who have spent any part of their lives as teen-agers will agree that this is a tough age, a time of confusion and many a "bad day." Some of us were lucky, and thanks to special circumstances of some kind managed to sail past the perilous reefs of adolescence and through its stormy seas without mishap. I was one and I attribute my good fortune to horse manure.

Every morning I got up earlier than anybody and put on my jeans. (This is still a sure-fire positive start for me thirty years later.) I headed out into the cold darkness in comfortable old jacket and gloves and picked up my shovel (it's the same shovel I use now, a link to those days when I was first guided). Then I gathered manure and tossed it into a wheelbarrow, warming to my work and my day as my blood began to pump, my wheelbarrow to fill. The horse was steaming and so was I—so was the manure. I'd clean up the stall, add some fresh bedding, then drive my wheelbarrow out to the big pile of composting manure, a monument to many a constructive morning—also a promise for the gardens of spring.

The time I spent shovelling was about what some people spend in the shower or listening to news. I don't know what they think about for that half-hour, but my mind was always at rest. You have to keep your eye on what you're doing, after all. You can't just mentally wander off, completely, while shovelling manure. You might get the wheelbarrow too full, or miss some manure, or dump it in the wrong place. There is a certain amount of "Be Here Now" required for this kind of morning.

Nowadays I don't just clean out a stall. I have a barnyard to keep up with, so I'm moving around quite a bit. Each morning it's a different pattern, though some aspects are constant. I'm still steaming, still tossing and wheeling the goods, still thinking things over about my cheerful childhood and my chances for longevity.

Pete Seeger, another important positive force in my adolescence, used to sing a song called "Manura Manyah" written by a Scot named Matt McGinn. It was about the "transport revolution" in Scotland, the change from horses to mechanical power, as told by a man who'd made his living collecting and selling manure. In this song, "the streets of the toon were all covered aroun' with stuff that was wonderful golden and broon." The singer bemoans the passing of these days and I think of him nearly every morning as I'm out there counting my blessings. I often count while shovelling.

I wheel out to my big pile and think about a friend in Alaska who tells me that in her state horse manure is taken to the landfill! She is now one of (only) three people employed by the state to study methods of pollution prevention, and she says, "We're going to get into composting up here." Wow. Alaska is cold and compost likes to be warm, but still it's marvelous to think this is a bold new idea for the people up there who start their mornings the way I do. I'll be thinking of them, wondering if the prospect of composting has cheered them up and shortened their lives.

— Bonner J. McAllester

WILDLIFE SURVEY

Mammals

Moose, again! Connie Ohman found unmistakable tracks in Sandisfield, six by five inches, and one of his loggers saw tracks in Beartown Forest. Bob Rausch saw tracks at Gould Farm on the wrong side of the fence for it to be unusually big cows. Where have the bears been this summer? Raccoons continue to be very scarce, quite clearly the victims of pandemic rabies. Be wary of any you see!

David McAllester saw a tall young red maple cut by beavers on the Fargo Lake Trail at the east end of Lake Garfield. The stump was three inches in diameter, and had been cut in twenty big bites and a like number of small ones, going by the chips. It had been dragged to the lakeshore when David came by, and a few minutes later he saw it being navigated across the lake to the big lodge in the marsh.

Gray squirrels seem to be immolating themselves on the highways in large numbers, as they did last fall. Perhaps the big crop of acorns has made them reckless.

Birds

Joe Baker and several other observers have noticed a revival of birdsong, a kind of muted second spring. Phoebes and juncos are among those freed of family care and making vocal celebrations. Loul McIntosh reports August 29 from Gould Farm: "They're all coming back, the bluejays first, then the chickadees (last Sunday), then during the week the juncos and a nuthatch. All kinds of warblers coming through. The hummingbirds continue to empty eight ounces of sugar water in three days. Lots of turkeys in the field..."

Herons are widely reported, including one that flew along Route 23 in front of Bob Rausch's car and barely lifted up to let him pass. He also saw a kingfisher by Lake Garfield, perched with a fish in its mouth. It seemed to have had enough to eat already: it was playing with its catch instead of eating it and finally dropped it and flew off.

Other species sighted: lots of turkey vultures including some surprisingly small offspring for this time of year, as was also reported last month; cedar waxwings; a grebe on Lake Garfield; bluejays, making their customary fall vocalizations; barn swallows and starlings, making separate linear flocks perched along the electric wires on Route 23; crows; ravens; black ducks; mallards. Family groups of the latter in late August were hugging the shore of Lake Garfield, the young ones not quite fledged enough to fly, and the parents trying to toll canoeists from their offspring.

Insects

Loul McIntosh's insect project is paying off. Under her entomologist daughter's supervision, she stuck some elder rods into the ground, and soon various insects, especially various kinds of small bees, were boring holes and laying eggs. Some have been identified as seratina bees ("Handsome critters, if I may say so.").

Plants

The display along the roadsides now is boneset (white) and great fields of goldenrod; also tall clumps of joe-pye weed, still in bloom. In the wet places, turtle-head and burr marigolds are prominent; the purple loosestrife has gone by, cattails and phragmites in fruit.

And the trees! Ash and birch are well along in their bronze and yellow fall color. Many a red maple is in full fire, and the sugar maples are starting: branches here and there, and an occasional full tree of orange and red-orange. As of September 20, there's much promise of the full glory of early October.

Fungi

We've had another excellent season for mushrooming. The summer rains brought much fruiting earlier than usual. The hen of the woods, usually discovered hereabouts in the third week of September, was found on Labor Day.

Chanterelles had a longer season than usual, starting in late June, with a few still appearing in late August, and an abundant supply in July.

Boletes were in profusion during July and August, as they were last summer.

But the star of the summer was the parasol. Both varieties of this tall, handsome, delectable mushroom abounded in our vicinity. Often solitary, this year they were in large groups. The beautiful white variety (now known as *Macrolepiota prominens*) was found in groups of six to eight on August 20 and again on August 27 in light woods on Mount Hunger. The brown, scalier type (*Macrolepiota procera*) amazed and delighted a hunter who found twenty-five specimens on a lawn August 20. This is not a well-known mushroom because it is not found in the markets in this country, but in many people's opinions it is the most delicious of all, even exceeding the morel. The parasol is not a difficult mushroom to learn, as it has several characteristics to distinguish it from the deadly Amanita, with which it could be confused by the amateur.

In November there may still appear the beautiful Blewitt (formerly *Lepista nuda*, now known as *Clitocybe nuda*). It is often found on compost piles and other detritus and is more perfect after frost.

The winter mushroom called the Velvet Foot (*Flammulina velutipes*) is always a welcome surprise and can be found right on into spring.

Winter is a good time to study the sturdy polypores, found on trees and logs, whose colors and textures are fascinating.

A time, too, to dream of May and morels.

— David P. McAllester

Roger Tryon

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DEBORAH BROTHERS

Chris Beaulieu, Sandy Banks, Linda White, and Lindsay Pontius, members of Calliope Theatre, a troupe which recently moved its home base to Monterey from Williamstown. On an overcast Sunday afternoon in September, the company staged Thornton Wilder's Our Town *on the grounds of The Bidwell House. There was no rain, just perfect autumn light for an American classic in a resonant setting. Calliope also has a production of Shakespeare's* Hamlet *in its repertoire, and will take both plays on tour to schools and universities around the country this fall.*

CONTRIBUTORS

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TALES FROM TEXAS

We continue Ellen Pearson's account of her recent, temporary move back to her family ranch in Texas.

Brian drove the 2,000 miles twice, once in my truck pulling a twenty-eight-foot stock trailer loaded with most of our worldly possessions, and again in his truck (in August!) pulling a homemade trailer full of loose ends. Myra and I flew down, arriving at the beginning of the "worst drought since 1925," according to the local old timers. We rented the cheapest car we could find and rumbled out to the ranch. My nephew and a hired man were struggling to conquer head-high weeds in the yard of Eljorita, our future hunting lodge, formerly the party ranch house for family and friends. The air conditioning wasn't working and the water pump had burned out after a leaky cattle trough ran through the 18,000-gallon cistern dry. A venerable old live oak grove in front of the house in the last stages of a fungal disease held out skeletal branches. For me it had the feel of the first make of *The Secret Garden* with Margaret O'Brien. For Myra, who has never appreciated remote country settings, it was more like *Road Warriors*.

We found a try of ice cubes in the refrigerator, soaked a rag in the melt, held it to our foreheads, and headed over to the Roswell House, which was to be our home. Myra found a forked stick, which she appropriated as a snake-killing device, and somehow this lifted our spirits. The Roswell House is a turn-of-the-century farmhouse which is all that is left of Roswell, Texas. It has twelve-foot ceilings, tall narrow windows, pretty wood floors, and Victorian trim. It has until now housed a succession of ranch managers and their families and therefore was veneered, floors and walls, with a patchwork of linoleums, wall-to-wall carpeting in a frightful orange, and vinyl paneling which claimed to depict "ranch oak" grain. We searched through the assortment of old sheds in the yard for renovation tools. All we found was a machete. Wielding Myra's snake-killing stick and the machete, we began to rip out carpet and pop off paneling. Brian arrived two days later with a truck full of tools, but ever since then, somehow, our experience with all aspects of life on the K Bar has been informed with that kind of primitive quality.

ELLEN PEARSON

Barn and windmill at Roswell Headquarters, Texas

I mulched my garden with the vinyl paneling. The paneling, along with a little compost pile, attracted fire ants, which went down the potato row and riddled the potatoes with holes. An armadillo rooted up all the onions. Grasshoppers nipped off the tops of any seedlings which made it through the bricklike soil (colloidal clay—my Texas gardening book says working this soil is like tilling your sidewalk). Finally, the cattle got in and trampled the whole thing. I've planted this garden three times and so far have half a dozen lacy turnip greens and about ten fragile cabbage and broccoli under row cover. People put their spring gardens in in February. That will be my fourth try.

The fire ants didn't stop at the garden. They came into the house in marching formation—a black line wide as a paint brush all the way from the front door to the dog food dish in the kitchen. They got in bed with us and in our clothes closet. They have a searing sting which leaves a little pustule in its wake. We were covered with little pustules. We were driven to buy poison spray for the ones in the house and are treating the mounds outside with Logic, which messes up their reproductive powers.

Brian has been struck twice by rattlesnakes, once on his boot and once on a ski glove he was wearing on a cold day. He kicked the first one against the side of the house and killed it, but the other one got away. Andy Johnston, who was down here for a few months helping out, walked into Eljorita one night, felt a thump on his arm, turned on the lights and realized there had been a five-foot snake hanging off the top of the door he had just walked through.

I was looking for plumbing connections under Eljorita one day and discovered a treasure trove of shed snakeskins. There was a baby rattler gliding by just inside the trap door, so I sent Brian over to collect the skins for display. He reached in with a pry bar to hook a skin and the baby snake's mother struck the bar. We have her skin and head on display; she had double fangs. Brian and I have both been stung by scorpions since we got here, and the latest remedy is Adolph's Meat Tenderizer

— Miss Ellen (Kirven Pearson)

MAGGIE LEONARD

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SELECTMEN'S BULLETIN BOARD

There will be no meeting of the Monterey Selectmen or the Board of Health on Columbus Day, Monday, October 10, 1994. The next regularly scheduled meetings of these boards will be held on Monday, October 17, 1994.

The official hours for trick or treat this Halloween in Monterey have been set for Monday, October 31, 1994, 5-8 p.m.

Winter hours for the Monterey Disposal Area go into effect on Sunday, October 30, 1994. These are the same as the current summer schedule, except for closing time on Sundays, which changes to 4:30 p.m. Applications for authorized users' vehicles may be obtained at the town offices at any time; completed applications, together with fee, may be mailed or left at the town offices. The sticker will be mailed to the applicant.

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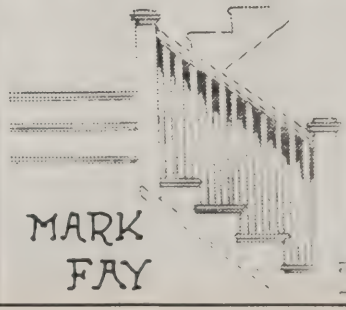

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Leo Out West

The sweet, flaky aroma of leaves and grass gradually turning to dust is always in the air now, and the dark increases every day, mocking the act of Congress that bumps it from morning to evening late in the month. Along with flu shots, we need antidotes for generalized fear (the feeling of rain driven by a cold wind in the dark of night, even when experienced from inside a warm house) and sentimentality (the feeling that runs amok on the unseasonably warm, hazy days when leaves drift down from the trees to one spot or another on the ground for the rest of the year).

Leo is in California. He remains undecided about taking the job out there (he has been offered a chance to work for good money building a Buddhist monastery with all its trappings), and made the trip hoping to clear his head. Leaving only seemed to make things worse: he was more nuts than usual, now hating to miss the sweet-smelling warm days that he knew would precede the hard peace of a New England winter, and then certain that all his agitation was only proof that he was about to embark on the work of a lifetime, a challenge that would demand everything.

He bought a round trip ticket (if he takes the job, he'll be back in November to make arrangements for a permanent move) and flew to San Francisco with a small bag of hand tools (three planes, drawknife and spokeshave, chisels, a wooden mallet, a few choice measuring tools, and two handsaws) that he had sharpened for a week.

I've gotten one letter since he left. During the few hours he was in San Francisco, between plane and bus, he went down to Fisherman's Wharf to pay tribute to Otis Redding and get a dose of the urban vibe. There was a woman selling poems for a dollar, name your subject. He gave her a dollar and said, "My best tools are in this bag. They're sharp." She smiled, thanking him, and looked into the middle distance for a moment, then began to write, Bic pen on a spiral-bound notebook. Leo started to walk away, meaning to return in a half hour or so, but she called him back, tearing off a page and handing it over. On it was written "Short cuts in long growth / The stem lies down / A tool is both."

He left San Francisco on a bus headed up the coast:

> I did a dumb thing. Took the bus past the monastery place, north into redwood country—unbelievable: the air full of coastal mist, trees rising out of sight. Had to see it, being from the east and all. Then I got back on a southbound bus (Do you get the impression I'm circling this job??) got off in Willits (one-store town) checked my map, started walking. My choice to arrive on foot. Dry grass, gnarly oaks. (Bet they're old as the redwoods; they're just tight, hard-time little trees, where the redwoods are preachers—pillars) There was this buzz in the air, a crackling sun. The pickup trucks going by are all twenty years old, average. No rust. Guy gives me a lift, offers to put me up for the night (which is great—no motels, no tent, mercy! What am I doing here like this??) and we're driving into his place, which is some kind of ranch, when he stops short, pulls a six-shooter out from under the seat and shoots a rabbit in the bushes—one shot, a puff of dust, flopping bunny. Kaboom, done. He tosses it into the truckbed. Rifles in the rack behind the seat, what the hell.

When the letter arrived, I took it over to the General Store and sat down with a cup of coffee to savor it, not looking up. I was anxious to find out if Leo had found a new home, but I had to read through some pages of Leo's Adventures in California before he even got to the monastery. Once there, he worked for a week solid, rising before first light, one meal a day. Nothing but work, food, bathing, and sleep. They all do it, apparently. They are builders, not monks, but the way of the place is contagious. He wrote:

> It's a camp, general HQ of big canvas and small nylon tents, the ground caked and hot. The week passes like a minute (I work with three others making cedar tubs and water sluices with wooden gates for the baths—there is a hot spring) but how long could I do this? When is the earthquake? I am so far out here, just gone: gone. I expect to be shook, dropped, hit. This group, this work is like a threadbare blanket of some miracle fiber that keeps a person warm against all odds. I don't believe it. Is the wind at home raking bare branches yet? Grim November by the time I get back, out here the same crackling heat, poised earthquake. I don't know a thing. Maybe next a fire comes over the hill, helicopters.

Reading Leo's letter I see the gulf that separates even long-term travel from an all-out, uproot move. If he were just visiting he could settle into the work. As it is, he worries about moving. I would write to tell him most leaves here are still green and attached to trees, at least for another week or so, but he didn't send his address, and I'm awfully busy, there's so much going on—as usual. He knows what it's like here.

— Peter Murkett

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What Who Where When

September 15, 1994

To the Editor:

Your editing the *Monterey News* is much appreciated. Having lived for thirty years (until last fall) on Lake Garfield, we continue to read it avidly and enjoy every issue.

Might it be possible to tell us the locations of the several fine pictures that grace every issue? Where is the doorway ("Monterey—Built 1932")? The big tree? Where were the kids swinging out over the water? When was the picture taken? By? Knowing these things would increase enjoyment in many of us.

Also, the weather statistics would be even more interesting if they were listed alongside the figures from last year, or next to the averages, or both.

Thanks again for a job well done.

— Richard Westenburg

Often we print captions under photographs, and sometimes we let a picture speak for itself, with a nod to the mystery of familiarity. We hope an occasional dearth of information can be a tonic for the eyes. We credit photos (regardless of caption) in tiny type up the right-hand side of each picture. Photos in the architecture series are identified only by the year-date of construction, in respect for the privacy of owners.

But since you ask—

The door opens into the house featured in this year's July Monterey News*; the big tree is a live oak, mentioned in the essay on the same page, and photographed by Brian Fearon; the kids were cooling off this summer in the Konkapot swimming hole off River Road just downstream of an old dam near Route 23, and that's Maggie Leonard's photography.*

Our weather observations are barely a year old, so we can't establish Monterey norms or averages, hence the Pittsfield numbers for comparison. Now that we can, we will include some year-ago Monterey statistics from time to time.

MAGGIE LEONARD

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MAGGIE LEONARD

MONTEREY GRANGE

Members of the Monterey Grange No. 291 attended an open meeting on September 7 at the Umpachene Grange Hall; State Treasurer Alicia Brazie and suite installed the officers for 1994-95. On September 9 members attended a double installation at Flintstone Hall in Dalton; State Chaplain F. Truman Cahill was there to install Hinsdale and Flintstone.

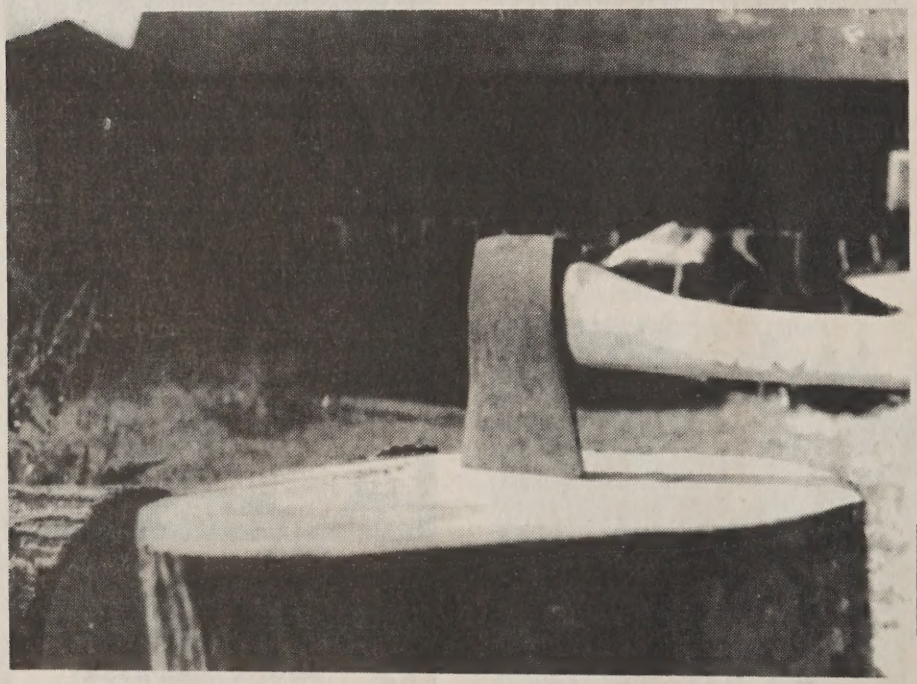
We want to thank all who helped with the recent food sale and exhibit at the Blandford Fair. We got second prize.

Pomona Deputy Peter Martin was in charge of ritual review at the Monterey Grange meeting on September 21. Members brought dishes of food made from garden leftovers. Tickets are now out for the fund raiser on November 16. A check for $200 was presented to Southern Berkshire Transportation for the Elderly.

Several members recently attended West Stockbridge Grange No. 246, where Master Tolitha Butler and Flora, and Alice Shaffer filled the stations of Pomona and Ceres, respectively.

The next meeting, at which there will be an officers' exchange, is scheduled for October 5.

— Fraternally
Mary Wallace, Lecturer



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SUSAN MCALLESTER

Susan McAllester, 75, died Wednesday, August 31, at her home. on Hupi Road.

Born in Statesville, North Carolina, on July 9, 1919, daughter of Chesley and Elizabeth Sparrow Watkins, she attended school in Charlotte, North Carolina, and New York City. She received her Bachelor of Arts degree from Radcliffe College in 1940, and her Master's degree from Columbia University Teachers' College in 1941. She visited and spent summers in Monterey beginning in the 1920s, and moved here full time in 1979.

On September 1, 1940, she married David P. McAllester, and later they moved to Middletown, Connecticut, where she became poetry editor of *College English* magazine and a photographer. Her photographs appeared in various publications and exhibitions, and in *Hogans: Navajo Houses and House Songs* (1980), which she wrote with her husband.

She was active in Monterey affairs, including the League of Women Voters, the Land Preservation Trust, Democratic Town Committee, and the advisory board of the *Monterey News*, of which she was once layout and photography editor.

Mrs. McAllester was a founder of the South Berkshire Friends Meeting, and served as clerk and librarian. She also supported the arts and literature, and was active in the peace movement. Her interests included camping, hiking, canoeing, and traveling in this country and abroad.

Besides her husband, she leaves a daughter, Bonner J. McAllester; a son, Burling V. McAllester of San Francisco, California; a brother, George S. Watkins of Chattanooga, Tennessee; and two granddaughters.

There will be a memorial service October 8 at 2 p.m. in the United Church of Christ, Monterey.

In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be sent to the American Friends Service Committee, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

ELEANOR KIMBERLEY WALKS FOR HOMELESS

On Sunday, September 25, Eleanor Kimberley showed up for her fifth straight year to walk eight miles from Monument Mountain High School to Park Square in Lee, raising funds for homeless people in Berkshire County. At eighty-four, Eleanor is the oldest person to complete the walk, although she is quick to point out that Lucien Aigner of Great Barrington, who walked three of the eight miles, has about ten years on her. She was named Honorary Grand Marshal and given a sash, then cut the ribbon to start the walk. She reports arriving in Lee ready to "keep right on walking," energized by the fine weather and good company.

Cara Davis of Construct, Inc., in Great Barrington, said that each walker finds institutional or private sponsors to pledge money based on miles walked. Members of the Monterey United Church of Christ were Eleanor's sponsors. The total raised this year was about $14,000, up from $11,500 raised last year.

Construct runs several programs to help families and individuals who need jobs, training, or rehabilitation from illness or drug abuse. In their ongoing contact with these people, rental assistance funds are crucial. The money is neither a long-term subsidy nor a one-time handout, but part of a relationship that marks its success when it is no longer necessary. All the money raised by the Walk for the Homeless (less $500 spent on organization and publicity) serves about 250 Berkshire households a year in this way. The $14,000 raised this year represents nearly 75% of Construct's total yearly budget for such rental assistance programs.

PERSONAL NOTES NOTICE

An illness in the family prevented Stephanie Grotz from completing her usual column this month. Look for a plump, two-month **Personal Notes** in the November *News*, and send her any items of interest in the meanwhile.

CALENDAR

Sundays, October 2, 9, 16, 23, and 30 AA meetings, 9 a.m. in the Monterey Firehouse, Main Road.

Wednesday, October 5 Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall.

Saturday, October 8 Democratic Town Committee Tag Sale at the Monterey Firehouse, Main Road, 9:30 a.m.–3 p.m.

Sunday, October 9 Hike on the Royal Hemlock Road Trail, starting from The Bidwell House, 1–4 p.m., led by Bob Rausch.

Wednesday, October 12 Community Dinner, from 6:30 p.m. in the church basement, film program by the Konkapot Big Boys.

Friday, October 14 Special Town Meeting, Monterey Firehouse, Main Road, 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, October 18 Free blood pressure clinic, 9–10:30 a.m. in the basement room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

Wednesday, October 19 Meeting of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the church basement.

Saturday, October 22 Square and contradance at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8:30–11:30 p.m. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Joe Baker. All dances taught, beginners and children welcome. Refreshments. Adults $5, children $2. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

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We invite readers to submit news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings and photographs. Editorial material must reach the editor by the 15th of the month before publication. For detailed information, call the editor at 528-3454.

For changes of address, or information regarding subscription to the *Monterey News*, call Susan LePrevost, Circulation Manager, at 528-4595.

To receive complete information regarding advertising in the *News*, contact the Editor at 528-3454.

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Contributions from local artists this month: Sudi Baker, pp. 5, 13; Erika Crofut, pp. 4, 19; Bonner McAllester, p. 14; Pete Murkett, pp. 2, 8, 20; Riley Murkett, p. 12.

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